

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. XVI.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

SPECIAL SALE Of SHOES for Ladies, Thursday and Friday, Only.

Will arrive on or before March 15th,
.....MY LINE OF.....
Ladies' Shirt Waists, Coats, Jackets, Skirts,
Ribbons, and Gents', Boys and
Children's Clothing, Fancy Spring Shirts, Neckwear, Carpets,
Rugs, Mattings, Linoleums, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Etc.

F. W. CARLYON.

Successor to Reid & Sylvester.

OLYMPIC Restaurant and Bakery.

THE
Olympic Restaurant and
Dairy Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, Alaska.
First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.
Special Rates to Boarders.
Fresh Bread and Pastry
Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.
ICE CREAM
Made to Order on Short Notice.

Steamer Capella

A.K. Rastad, Master.
Will leave Wrangell on or about
March 20th, 1903

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan
And way ports, West Coast of Prince
of Wales Island.

Olympic Mining Co.
C. A. RENOUF.
Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,
—Dealer In—

General Hardware,
Tools: Gr niteware,
Tinware, Galvanized
ware,
Carpenter Tools Etc.
Boat Hardware a Specialty.
Wrangell, Alaska.

I have just received my first Shipment of Spring and Summer Dry Goods.

It includes splendid values in
Ladies, Gents and Children's Underwear.
Newest Patterns in LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SILK ORGANDIES, Silk Novelty
Waist Patterns, Waists, Skirts, Fancy Dotted Swiss, Linens, Etc., Etc.

New Goods by Every Boat,
PROSPECTING,
Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty.

THE CITY STORE, DONALD SINCLAIR, Prop.

To Be Brief!

We will state that for the Next Ten Days we will make a
DEEP CUT ON ALL
Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies' & Gents
FURNISHING.

HAVE YOU A BOY?

Starting tomorrow morning 36 Pairs Boys Knee Pants 50c. pr Pair
we will place on our Counter all sizes, at

ST. MICHAEL TRADING CO. The OLD RELIABLE.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

Advertising Rates.
Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
Locals, per Line.....10

GEORGE CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.
Wrangell, Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Will practice in all courts. All business
promptly attended to.

New York Kitchen.
K. NAKANO, Prop'r.
Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.
and
The Best Meal Served for 35c.
Best Bread and Pastry
Always on Hand.
DROP IN.
Eastern Oysters, 50 Cents.

Dissolution of Partnership
NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Drs. K. A. Kyvig and L. S. Schreuder, doing business at the Sticken Pharmacy, will dissolve Feb. 1st, 1903, by mutual consent. Dr. L. S. Schreuder retiring and Dr. K. A. Kyvig continuing the business, who will collect all outstanding accounts and assume all liabilities contracted by the above-named firm.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG.
Dr. L. S. SCHREUDER.
Dated Jan. 23, 1903.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,
Sails on or about
March 15, 1903.

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight,
for
Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,
Shakan, Klawack,
Howkan, Copper Mt.,
Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply
to R. B. YOUNG.

GO TO
J. G. Grant,
WRANGELL,

For all of the
Latest Papers

—and—
Leading Periodicals.
Fresh Fruits
AND
Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR
COAL
PROMPTLY FILLED.
Steamers a Specialty.

J. W. RABER,
Practical Barber.
Wrangell, Alaska.

The Smoothest Shave
And Nobbiest Haircut
You are Invited to Call and see me
Next door to Wrangell Drug Store.

THE MINERS' HOME COMING.

Stickeen River Boating Song.

We have sought the fairy gold,
Hid in nature's secret store,
Lying deep beneath the drift,
Glacier-laid, for years untold
Hoarded with a jealous thrift.
Dip the paddle, man the oar!
For the summer's work is done.

The steamer City of Seattle was
in from the south Thursday morn-
ing last with twenty tons of freight
and eight passengers for Wrangell.

The Helen Payne got down from
Juneau all right last Thursday eve-
ning. Engineer Dalghety run
across a man with a small quantity
of gasoline, and like the good Sa-
maritan he divided.

The work of getting the steamer
Alaska in trim shape for this sea-
son's run has been progressing
nicely under the supervision of
Capt. Miller and Chief Headlund,
and will soon be ready for com-
mission.

George Vaughn has gone wrong
and because thereof was taken to
Juneau on his way to Sitka, last
Thursday by Deputy Marshal
Grant, to ponder over his short-
comings for the next six months.

The charge against him was pro-
curing whiskey for Indians, and he
was very bold about it.

WANTED—Several persons of
character and good reputation in
each state (one in this county re-
quired) to represent and advertise
old established wealthy business
house of solid financial standing.
Salary, \$21.00 weekly with expen-
ses additional, all payable in cash
Wednesday direct from head of-
fices. Horse and carriage furnish-
ed when necessary. References.
Enclose self-addressed envelope.
Colonial Co., 384 Dearborn Street,
Chicago.

Juneau Dispatch 27th: Deputy
Marshal W. D. Grant, of Wrangell,
arrived on the City of Seattle with
George Vaughn, who is sentenced
to six months for selling whisky to
Indians. Marshal Grant was seen
at the Franklin last night, and he
stated that he would go to Sitka
with his prisoner and remain there
until after Bird's execution. Mar-
shal Grant says there is not a busi-
ness house in Wrangell that is not
making money, even at this dull
season. The Olympic Mining Co.,
employing 50 men, make its head-
quarters at Wrangell, and the town
will be all right this summer.

LOCAL GRIST.
Ground Out Weekly for The
Sentinel Readers.

Wm Fletcher has just completed
a fine boat for Chas. Maloney.
But few cases of "spring fever"
have come to light, as yet, though
quite a number have been exposed.
J. G. Grant has added consider-
ably to the looks of Front St., by
cleaning up the Lynch lot next to
L. J. Cole's.

The full value in weight will be
paid by Wm H. Richardson for the
return to him or to this office, two
gold nuggets—a small and large
one fastened together with links,
the large one having a hole in it.
Lost about Feby. 12th.

Thos. A. Willson DEAD!

Passes Away at Seattle,
Feb. 23, 1903.

WRANGELL,
HIS HOME,
In Mourning!

"Ring the bell softly,
"There's a crape on the door."

All that is mortal of CAPTAIN
THOMAS A. WILLSON lies in a vault
near the Presbyterian Church at
this place where it was carefully
placed last Sunday by loving
hands, amid a multitude of sorrow-
ing friends and bereft neighbors.

Little did we dream when he left
here about the first of January, ap-
parently in the best of health that
in so short a time we would be
singing requiems about the casket
that held his lifeless body. But it
is so, and this fact should impress
all vividly with the thought that
"All that is born must must die."

Capt. Willson had been to San
Francisco and had returned to Se-
attle on his way home and was
taken ill at Seattle. From that
time till his death, Mr. E. B. Bur-
well writes Robert Reid as follows,
under date of Feb. 23:
"I had been to see him every
day except yesterday, and intend-
ed fully to go then, until I found it
too late. It seemed to me every
day since I went with him to the
hospital one week ago last Friday
that he had been improving, and
yesterday Mr. Baker went to see
him and he was feeling very com-
fortable, but had a pretty hard
cough. The nurse says he coughed
a good deal during the night, and
this morning she had just been to
see him and had stepped out for a
few minutes to get something, when
on her return she found him in the
midst of a violent hemorrhage, in

which he died in a few minutes."

His remains were brought up on
the Farallon which arrived here
Friday morning at 7:30 o'clock
and were met by the entire male
population of the town (the Cham-
ber of Commerce of Commerce hav-
ing previously met and made ar-
rangements) and escorted to his
late residence, where they laid in
state until Sunday.

Sunday at 2 p. m. funeral serv-
ices were held at the family resi-
dence, after which the remains were
taken to the vault prepared near
the Presbyterian Church and there
deposited with the beautiful Ma-
sonic burial service, eleven mem-
bers of the Order being present to
pay their last respects to a depart-
ed brother.

Messrs. Robert Reid, A. T. Ben-
nett, Geo. H. Barnes, W. T. Thom-
as, Donald Sinclair, S. S. Kincaid,
James Willson and O. W. Stanton
were pall bearers.

Sunday evening Memorial serv-
ices were held at the Presbyterian
Church and the building was filled
with a sorrowing congregation of
citizens to pay their last respects
to him who had been for years so
prominently identified with what-
ever had come up for the good of
the community—morally, socially
and financially. The services
were as follows:

Singing "Abide with Me," by a
male quartet consisting of Messrs.
Beattie, Campbell, McHugh and
Snyder.

Invocation, by Rev. H. B. Corser.
"Give me the Wings of Faith,"
by male quartet.

Reading Scriptures, Ps. 122-124,
by Rev. Corser.

Singing "Jesus, Lover of my
Soul," by congregation.

Prayer, by Rev. Corser.

Singing "My Faith Looks up to
Thee," by congregation.

Offering.

Addresses: Judge Thomas and
A. V. R. Snyder spoke for the
Chamber of Commerce, telling of
Capt. Willson's many virtues as a
citizen and neighbor; F. H. Gray
spoke feelingly of deceased as a
veteran of the civil war and a
member of the Grand Army of the
Republic; Rev. Corser dwelt at con-
siderable length upon his manly
acts and charitable nature, referring
to the fact that the public would
never know how great a benefactor

he had been to this people.

Then came prayer by Mr. Corser,
the congregation sang "Nearer,
My God, to Thee," and the bene-
diction was pronounced, thus clos-
ing the earthly ceremony upon a
Good man—an excellent neigh-
bor and citizen, a charitable giver,
a valued adviser and a kind and
affectionate husband and guardian.

Thomas A. Willson was born at
Hartstown, Crawford county, Pa.,
Feb. 3rd, 1838. He served thro'
the war of the rebellion and was
severely wounded in the left arm
at the battle of South Mountain.
He served in the Army of the Po-
tomac. After the recovery from
his wound he had charge of a col-
ored regiment and was provost
Marshal of Jacksonville, Florida.
Lived at Jacksonville until 1880,
and was at one time member of the
council and acting mayor of the
city. Capt. Willson came to Alaska
in 1880, and was for several years
connected with the custom service.
He built the saw mill at Wrangell
in 1890, and had successfully oper-
ated it up to the time of his death.
Deceased was wedded in 1901 to
the woman who is now left to
mourn his loss, and with her this
community mourns.

By actual count 212 followed
Capt. Willson's body to its place of
entombment, Sunday. But at least
half as many more were in the pro-
cession when it left the house.

James Willson, brother of Fred
and nephew of the deceased Capt.,
accompanied the remains to this
place, and will probably remain
here.

The floral offerings were beauti-
ful. A fine collection of flowers
were sent up by the Seattle Hard-
ware Company.

The corpse looked perfectly natu-
ral and were viewed by all neigh-
bors as they laid in state.

Flags hung at half mast and
crape hung throughout the town
from the time the news of his death
was received until after the funeral
obsequies!

Mrs. Reid has had another letter
from Mrs. Tait' and she reports Mr.
Tait still failing. The poor woman
is almost discouraged and feels that
they would be better off in Wrangell.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

If you would be a man of mark, let the tattoo artist get his work in on you.

A dealer in old iron may know nothing of prize fights, yet he's familiar with scraps.

Sir William Hingston says there is danger in the surgeon's knife. We have for some time suspected as much.

It's wonderful how easy it is for a small man to swallow his anger when the other fellow happens to be a heavyweight.

Just as the Pacific cable is being laid Marconi has fixed things so that cables are not needed. Why couldn't he have made his plans public a little earlier?

Sitting Bull's son now stands on a western railroad embankment as the motive power of a shovel. In the long run the spade is mightier than the tomahawk.

Although the paragraphs are aware that the name of the new French minister to Venezuela is Weiner, none of them has yet suggested that he is probably the Wurst.

The cake walk has been exported to Paris, and, like many California wines, will doubtless be imported after a little as the genuine French article. They call it the danse du gateau.

An Ann Arbor professor has discovered seven new posons. The old favorites, however, will still continue in demand, and answer all legitimate and illegitimate purposes of destruction.

Dr. Lorenz says he is going to work only half the time after he is 50 years old. Dr. Lorenz isn't working on a railroad. If he were he might be glad to have a chance to work even a quarter of the time after he has had his fiftieth birthday.

A man who had lived by begging, who had slept in ash barrels, and whose clothes were the cast-off garments of other people, died in Toronto the other day, leaving \$100,000 in cash. This proves conclusively that it can't be taken along.

Advertisements signed by a Shanghai Chinaman which have recently appeared in some of our American periodicals have a quaint, delightful flavor of that wisdom which is world-wide. "I want smart youth sell my Chinese curios," announces the Shanghai man. "If he catch much business, he earn many cash." This is worthy of Ben Franklin himself. To be sure, Franklin would have used different words, but he could not have stated the fact more concisely.

Abraham Khan Dovlet, who has recently been appointed Persian ambassador at Athens, is said to be the first ambassador sent from Persia to Greece since Darius sent heralds in 491 B. C., to demand earth and water from the Greeks as symbols of submission to him. The Athenians made arrangements to welcome the Persian this time with imposing ceremonies, as they do not intend to kill him, as their ancestors did the messenger of Darius. Although Persia has had no minister in Greece for more than twenty centuries, it has been represented in Athens by a consul in recent years.

The "affair of honor," as the duel is called in France, is, fortunately, disreputable in the United States. Nevertheless, this country has its own affairs of truest honor. A New York banker, who eight years ago was overwhelmed in a financial crash, recently paid the \$700,000 from which the bankruptcy courts had relieved him. In 1894 he was so poor that he had to borrow money for a railway fare. Today, by honorable business methods, he is again a millionaire. Some years ago another New York banker, who had once failed for a large amount, gave a dinner to all his former creditors. Under each plate, attached to the name card, was a check covering the debt and interest which, in honor, although not bound by law, he owed to each guest.

The child born in the United States a hundred years hence will live longer than the child born in 1900. That is to say, his chances of greater longevity will be assured under normal conditions of birth and living. This does not interest the youngsters born in 1900 or those born in 1800, but it is the most important fact disclosed by the vital statistics of the twelfth census. It shows that the average length of life in the United States is slowly but steadily increasing. Ten years ago the average length of life was thirty-one years, while the last census shows it to be thirty-two. This means—if the same rate of increase is maintained—that the average length of life in the year 2000 will be forty-two years, and, incidentally of course, the number of centenarians, as well as those who pass the scriptural milestone of threescore and ten, will be greatly increased. While this advance of one year in length of life in a decade may strike the ordinary individual as very slow progress, if he will only keep in mind the littleness of a century when it comes to measuring the age of the human race he will find himself growing very skeptical as to whether such a rapid increase can be maintained.

Much less significance attaches to the figures giving the number of centenarians in this country in 1900, for an occasional centenarian may be found in localities that appear to present few conditions favorable to longevity. The important conclusion is to be drawn from the vital statistics is that the conditions of life, including a wider observance of hygienic and sanitary laws, are growing more favorable to longevity of the American people.

After China and India the order of the more populous countries of the world is: European Russia, 106,000,000; United States, 76,000,000; Germany, 56,000,000; Austria, 47,000,000; Japan, 43,000,000; United Kingdom, 41,000,000. In all these countries except the United States the increase from decade to decade is for the most part from the native stock. Of the United States it is said that its population will decline if it were not for immigration, and this fact of assumption is treated in quite an alarming style by J. Weston, a writer for the Nineteenth Century, whose article is entitled "The Weak Spot in the American Republic." Mr. Weston appeals to statistics to show that in Massachusetts there are 1,743,710 persons of foreign birth and foreign parentage in a total population of 2,806,346. "The population of Illinois," he adds, "is 4,521,550. Of these 998,747 are foreign born and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage, so that the proportion of genuine Americans in this typical Western State is no greater than it is in Pennsylvania. In California it is less. The native element is stronger in the South, but it is not due to the productiveness of the American, but to the productiveness of the Negro." Taking the country as a whole, the foreign birth rate until it is four to one. It is the rule for families to decline as they are more and more removed from their foreign origin. "Nowhere, not even in France, is the problem so serious as it is in the United States. History may be searched in vain to find a parallel for a country dependent on foreigners for its vital strength." Mr. Weston does not go into the causes of the decline, but he quotes approvingly from a writer in the Popular Science Monthly as follows: "We have not so many people as we should have had if immigration had never come to us and the native stock had continued their old rate of increase." It is a question, however, if this old rate would have been continued, and it is doubtful if there is much force in Mr. Weston's warning that "only homogeneous peoples ever become great." Homogeneous at most is only a relative term, and the French, whom he does not rank among the great, are perhaps nearer homogeneous than the British.

WHAT SAILORS LIKE TO READ.

Sea Yarns Not in Demand—Detective and Love Stories Preferred.

Down on the East river side a pushcart vendor of cheap books has recently taken his stand. His specialty is books for the seafaring men who abound in his immediate neighborhood, but with considerable shrewdness the enterprising purveyor of "something to read for everybody" has chsen for his location a spot whence he can trap ferrymen as well as the mariners and wayfarers.

Brisk is the business being done by the street book merchant, and by far the greatest proportion of it is with sailors. For the present he is confining himself to soiled novels (with here and there a few religious books) at "bargain" prices, a humble nickel purchasing any volume on the cart.

Among the wares are a remnant lot of "Vanild Fair" (complete), novels by Daudet, Scott, Cooper, etc., all published at prices ranging from a quarter upward.

"No, sir," replied the vendor to an inquirer, says the New York Times, "there is no demand for sea yarns, except among youngsters. The sailors can tell better stories than many in books. Anyhow, the ship folk get quite enough of the sea, and the reading matter they want on a voyage is a rattling good love story or a detective yarn with plenty of excitement in it."

"Some sailors, before going off on a long voyage, buy as many as twenty books at a time, and others club together and take quite a small library on board to while away their idle hours."

"Almost any sort of story sells well. All that the sailors ask is something to interest them, and they don't bother about style or the author's name. So I can sell here heaps of books that would be dead stock around Broadway, even if I were allowed to peddle there."

Last Chance.

The keeper in attendance on a guest at a Norfolk shooting party recently looked on with disgust at the gentleman's erratic marksmanship. He was banging away here, there and everywhere, but no birds fell.

"Aim higher, sir," advised the keeper. Still the birds flew untouched.

"It isn't the gun, sir, and it isn't the cartridges," remarked the Norfolk man. "Try shuttin' your right eye instead of the left, sir."

But not a pheasant fell.

The keeper scratched his head.

"The birds is very strong on the wing this year," he remarked, "but there's one more chance. If I was you, sir, I should 'ave a pop with both eyes shut."

—London Answers.

Nearly every wife says to her husband: "I've taken a good deal from you, and I suppose I'll take a good deal more, but there's one thing I won't stand, and you might as well know it."

When a man is in love he doesn't know axle grease from butter.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Migration to Town.

THE increase of urban population at the expense of the rural population is commonly deplored, but a closer study of the character of the depletion of country districts is desirable. Statistics in the gross tell us very little about the real nature of the migration from country to town. There are as many farmers in the country as ever, the London Times contends, the persons that have gone from the rural districts to the cities being, in fact, not farmers or farm laborers, but mechanics who formerly produced locally what is now manufactured more cheaply at a few centers of industry. "Seventy years ago," says the Times, "country districts had to be self-sufficient to a far greater extent than at present. Communications were imperfect and many things had to be produced on the spot which are now more economically produced in urban centers and more cheaply delivered to the consumers. Therefore a large rural population which was never engaged in rural labor, but only in supplying those who were so engaged, is transferred to the towns. The transfer does not really argue any such general withdrawal of agricultural laborers from agricultural labor as is sometimes assumed and bewailed. To a considerable extent it argues only wholesale instead of retail production, and easy instead of difficult distribution. Machinery has invaded even agriculture, and by increasing the efficiency of the individual has enabled agricultural work to be done by a smaller number of hands."

There is another fact which militates against the common view that agriculture is restricted by the desertion of agriculturists. Where agriculture is a prosperous business and offers large rewards there seems to be no lack of men to carry it on. The rush for Oklahoma a few years ago, like the present influx of farmers and laborers into Canada, shows that agriculture still attracts. In the South the towns have grown rapidly, but not, it appears, at the expense of the real farming population. The mechanics that served the local population may have left the country districts, but not a large proportion of the tillers of the soil. No doubt the high wages offered by municipalities and by some manufacturers, together with the attraction of easier city life, bring many to town, but this movement has, perhaps, been exaggerated.—Baltimore Sun.

Winning the Fight with Consumption.

THE decline in the death rate by consumption from 2.54 per 1,000 in 1890 to 1.87 in 1900 proves the surprising advance in the success with which the "white death" is now fought and conquered. Most of this change has been wrought by common sense methods of treating the disease. Yet the figures in detail seem to demolish the theory of some extremists that climate has little to do with cure. Damp Rhode Island is, so far as white population is concerned, the State where consumption most rages; "acclimated" natives suffer less than immigrants, and of the foreign born those are least susceptible who come from Eastern Europe, and who were there habituated to a "Continental climate" like our own in its variations of heat and cold.

The three hygienic specifics, rest, good food and outdoor air with a favorable climate is possible, and safeguards against infection, will yet rob consumption of most of its remaining terrors.—New York World.

Good Roads Movement.

PENNSYLVANIA is waking up to the importance of good roads also and is discussing a proposition to spend \$2,000,000 in highway improvement. The Pennsylvania farmers, like their brethren elsewhere, are realizing that they have a special interest in this matter, as it concerns them more directly than it does any one else. The Philadelphia Record puts the case concisely when it says: "Good roads facilitate intercourse among

the people, make access to the markets easier, increase business and enhance the value of farm lands." That this is the view which many if not most of the Pennsylvania farmers take is shown by the fact that the State Grange is urging the Legislature to pass a measure providing for the \$2,000,000 expenditure. There is some difference of opinion as to how the money is to be raised, and there are formidable obstacles in the way of creating an effective good roads system for the State. But with united sentiment as to the main question there should be no very serious difficulties to prevent inaugurating satisfactory action. Pennsylvania is well situated to carry out such a scheme. It is a wealthy State, it has ample sources from which the necessary money can be drawn without inflicting hardship or injustice on any one and it has a large surplus in its treasury which can be utilized for the public good. It is well placed to join the good roads procession.—Troy Times.

Stop the Handshaking.

ON New Year's Day, President Roosevelt was made to stand before a surging mass of men and women for three hours and a half and to shake the hands of 6,800 of his fellow-creatures. There are many ridiculous things in this world of ours, but is there anything more ridiculous than that? In its origin the custom of handshaking was reasonable and even necessary. Men were almost savage in those distant days, and when two of them wished to hold converse each gave the other his weapon-wielding hand as a pledge of a truce in their normal relations, which were hostile. But nowadays not even the timidest soul that ever shuddered over the thought of sudden death would suspect President Roosevelt of an intention to murder him, and if the President should find an assassin in the throng at a reception the avoided handshake, as was proved in the case of President McKinley, would not prepare him for his danger. Such an experience as the President was compelled to submit to on New Year's Day does nobody any good, and it is an imposition upon his good nature and a menace to his health.

Mark Twain says somewhere that the only reason people go up Pike's Peak is to say that they have been there, but as for himself, he could say that just as well without taking the trouble to make the ascent. Let the sentimental people who want to tell their neighbors that they have shaken the hand of the President of the United States go ahead and say so, but in the name of common sense let them spare the President the ordeal of gratifying their vanity.—Chicago Journal.

Money the Blood of Civilization.

MONEY is to civilization what blood is to the animal body, the carrier. Money is in portable and permanent form the equivalent of labor and usefulness. Where there is no money the farmer raises what he can, and that has to do him. If there is a shortage he suffers. If there is a surplus he saves it for the next year. But he can never get very far ahead, for he can never accumulate more than enough to keep him a few years. His crops will rot in his granaries after a short while, and having no wealth he has no leisure. Consequently he does not improve in either social or intellectual condition.

But if there is money in circulation the whole world becomes his neighbor. His surplus crop can be turned into coin which will bring him various commodities from other climes. His life becomes more varied, more elegant. He can travel, for he may carry with him what will pay his way. He can accumulate enough to educate his children and to give himself and them power. Money creates commerce and commerce goes into strange lands, develops new regions, carries ideas back and forth, enlarges the scope of every human being.—San Francisco Bulletin.

HOME DISTILLING PLANT.

There is no question but that a large proportion of the sickness with which mankind is afflicted is due to impure water, taken when the system is weakened from some cause and unable to exert its strength to fight the disease microbes with which the water abounds. It is common practice for the physician to recommend the use of distilled water for a patient ill with one disease in order to guard against the liability of other disease germs being taken into the stomach, and it is likely that distilled water would be prescribed for constant use were it not for the difficulty of securing it. It is to provide a constant supply of this pure water, with as little trouble as possible, that the household still shown in the illustration has been invented.



GIVES A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF PURE WATER.

by Edward Warren and George W. Healy of Fort Thomas, Ariz. The invention is to utilize the waste steam from the teakettle, and the invention, therefore, comprises a double reservoir, having a receiver for the steam and a cold water chamber surrounding the condenser. A curved tube is slipped over the spout of the kettle to conduct the steam into the condensing chamber, and as fast as the distilled water collects in this chamber it is drawn off for use or bottling. The cold water reservoir is filled from time to time, and has a faucet to feed the kettle through an opening in the tube which covers the spout. Thus the steam from the boiling water is constantly producing the distilled product, instead of wasting itself in the air.

CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGES.

Raised Under a Bantam Hen and Look Like Bumblebees.

The little hen partridge was far too timid to be trusted with her own eggs, for whenever in the least disturbed she would go booming off the nest, the eggs in imminent danger of being crushed.

So they were placed under a clucking bantam hen, who proved to be a most excellent mother. Tinier birds could hardly be imagined than the little partridges, which hatched in three weeks. They were no larger than a good-sized bumblebee and just about the same color. Yet three hours after hatching they ran so fast that it was difficult to catch them, and when cornered they would crouch flat, with head and body pressed close to the sand, resembling a little dried leaf or a tiny clod of earth. Their wings grew with astonishing rapidity, while for a week or two their bodies remained as small as ever. The bantam hen was a particularly small one, yet she looked gigantic when compared with these tiny bundles of down. One of them died when about two weeks old, and its body slipped easily into a half-ounce vial. When about fifteen days old one escaped from its runway and went straight up into the air almost twenty feet. It was found necessary, in order to recapture the little bird, to let the hen loose and wait until the mites of a partridge crept under her.

One very amusing thing happened daily. The partridges would snuggle under the bantam and gradually work up under her wings until close to her shoulders. When she stood up to feed she would naturally hold her wings more closely to her body than when brooding, and as a result the little birds would be held prisoners in the hollow under her wing. Their little feet would dangle down and kick vigorously as their owners tried to get out. The hen could hear their peeping and would look all around the runway for them, ignorant of their whereabouts. As she walked about or scratched she looked exactly as a person does who carries a bundle under each arm. Before long something would cause her to flap or stretch her wings, when the little fellows would drop out. They were comfortable enough in their unusual position, but the movements and clucks of the hen made them eager to get out.—Country Life in America.

STRANGLER A LEOPARD.

A Fierce Fight in Which the Man Finally Emerges Victorious.

An inhabitant of the British East Africa protectorate tells the following interesting story in the London Field of an adventure with a leopard. "I had a most extraordinary adventure with a leopard the other day at

Vol. I have long wished to shoot one, but not quite in the way I got this. One morning about 6 o'clock I heard a horrible noise, but thinking it was only some Indians fighting I took no notice. Shortly afterward the head of the Indian cook appeared at the sunlight over the door and he informed me there was a leopard.

"I got out of bed and put on some pumps, collared my rifle and some cartridges and was going out of the door, when the Indian told me the brute was on the other side, so I went out of another door, expecting to see the beast running off down the road. Like a fool, I had not loaded my rifle, and no sooner had I stepped out on the veranda than I saw the leopard about three yards away, behind a chair. She gave a snarl and came straight for me.

"Luckily, I took the first rush on my rifle, and swept her off, and we then set to on the floor with the weapons nature had provided us with. She got hold of one of my fingers, and I thought it was gone for good, but I got it free and kneeling on the top of her, proceeded to strangle her, shouting lustily for the cook to bring me a knife. He arrived, after what seemed ages, but was probably about half a minute, with a huge knife, but I then remembered that there was a revolver just behind me on a chair by my bed, and I told him to get it.

"I then put a bullet from below its jaw out of the top of its head. My hand was rather painful for about two days, but is all right now, except for a stray scab or two. I was a good deal scratched, and my pajamas badly torn. My leopard is not very big, but it is a full grown old female. Some one had hit it with a stone, which probably made it so fierce. Directly I got it by the throat it hardly moved again, but looked very nasty with all its front feet sticking out about six inches off my nose."

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.



Expert coal miners in the Macon County (Missouri) shafts make from \$2.50 to \$4 a day, working eight hours.

The local carpenters' union of Colorado Springs, Colo., has decided to build a \$200,000 memorial hall in honor of the late multi-millionaire, W. S. Stratton.

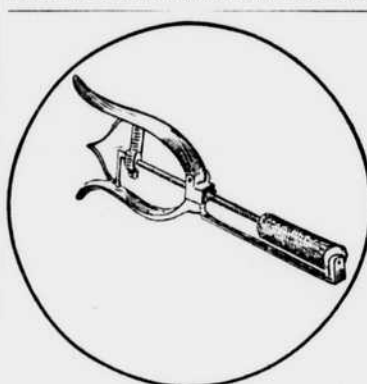
President William D. Mahon, of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees, states that the membership of that organization throughout the country has increased from 5,000 to 60,000 in five years.

A report issued by the British labor department on workmen's co-operative societies shows the substantial progress of co-operation in England. Between 1874 and 1899 the recorded membership of all classes of co-operative societies increased from 403,010 to 1,681,342, and their total yearly transactions increased from \$75,000,000 to \$340,000,000. The strongest branch of co-operation in England is that established in the interest of the working people as consumers.

The Wisconsin State labor bureau has been collecting reasons why girls prefer work in factories and stores to household service. Inquiries were sent to 769 persons. Among the answers were these: If ladies would only give girls better rooms, kinder treatment and warmer beds and let them live independently, more girls would do housework. I went into the factory because I wished to be treated like a human being. The reason I won't do housework is because I will not be treated like half a slave and always a nobody. I love housework, but, like a host of other girls, I refuse to do it under present conditions. None of the girls I know would do housework, because a girl who does it is always looked upon as a kitchen drudge, always on duty and seldom treated justly. I am treated better in the factory in every way, and, besides, I am no longer obliged to entertain in the kitchen or receive my friends at the back door, since I can live at home with my own people.

REVOLVING TOOTH BRUSH.

The dentist will tell you that it is of vital importance in cleaning the teeth that the brush be moved toward the edge of the teeth instead of toward the gums, as the improper use of the brush will cause the gums to recede from the teeth and expose the roots to the action of decaying acids and other detrimental matter. The new brush shown in the accompanying drawing has been designed with a view to meeting this demand for movement in a single direction, having a mechanism which prevents backward rotation when the han-



BRISTLES MOVE ONLY IN ONE DIRECTION.

dles are relaxed for giving a fresh impetus to the brush. As will be seen, the handle is designed to contract in the hand, and is expanded again by the V-shaped spring at the ends. The shaft which carries the circular brush has a toothed wheel at the opposite end, and a reversible rack bar is attached to the upper handle to rotate the shaft as the handles are contracted. This rack bar can be shifted to either side of the shaft to move the brush in opposite directions, and as a ratchet is located inside the gear wheel to transmit the motion to the shaft the latter remains motionless while the rack bar is moving backward. With a little practice the operator can produce a rapid rotation of the bristles in the proper direction on either side of the face, cleaning the teeth much more rapidly and effectively than with the old style brush. The inventor is Homer Poling of Curtain, W. Va.

Bridging a Chasm.

Dr. Alexander McKenzie in one of his sermons tells a pretty anecdote of the early life of Louis Agassiz, the great scientist. As a child Agassiz lived in Switzerland, on the border of a lake. He had a younger brother, and one day the two lads started to cross the lake. It was frozen, and the ice looked safe enough, but their mother watched them.

The boys got on very well till they came to a crack in the ice, perhaps a foot wide. The mother could not call to them, although her heart failed her as she thought, "Louis will get over well enough, but his little brother will try to step over and will fall in."

As she watched she saw Louis get down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack, his hands on the other side, making a bridge of his body, and the little brother crept over him to the other side. Then Louis got up and they went on their way.

When a woman commences to talk about a sealskin coat, she might as well buy one. It will be among her assets sooner or later.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



ELIGION is a man's relation to God.

He chooses night who refuses light. Seeds of love may need storms of sorrow.

Stolen thunder will not bring showers of blessing.

A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling simpleton.

Better be a good servant than a bad son.

Preaching for wages never won the world.

Conceit is not an ingredient of consecration.

The losses of childhood are the gains of manhood.

The will of God to-day waits on the will of man.

There can be no communion where there is no union.

Everything comes to the man who waits—and keeps on waiting.

It is easier to preach patience in the church than it is to practice it with our children.

The prayers that, like Jacob's ladder, rise from hard pillows, may reach a blessed peace.

The man who says there is no truth in the world has mistaken a mirror for the universe.

When you can honorably do so the best way to conquer your enemy is to concour with him.

It will be time enough to indict others when we have finished the inventory of our own faults.

It takes less of a fool's brain energy to doubt all things than it does for a wise man to accept one fact.

The Gospel would soon reach all men if we were as anxious to tell the virtues of Christ as we are to publish the faults of others.

It will not help your husband to heaven to leave him at home with cold victuals while you go to warm your heart at the prayer-meeting.

IN AN AVALANCHE.

Terrible Experience of an English Traveler in the Alps.

The sense of helplessness is said to be one of the most terrible parts of the experience of falling in an avalanche of snow. In writing of the dangers of the Alps in the Pall Mall Magazine, Harold Spender recounts the adventure of Mr. Gossett, who was actually covered up by a wave of snow which came from behind him and closed over his head. He managed to work himself to the surface, where he was so borne along that he could watch all that took place, although unable at the time to free or even to help himself much. This is his own story:

"I was on the wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. The head of the avalanche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of snow-dust; the rest of the avalanche was dead.

"Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself from sinking again I made use of my arms much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position.

"At last I noticed that I was moving more slowly; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards' distance; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard on a large scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter. I felt that I also stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to protect my head in case I should again be covered up."

Mr. Gossett and three of his companions escaped. The other two were buried by the avalanche.

The Coolest of Fakirs.

Describing the Simsbury (Ct.) fair, the Hartford Courant says the fakirs were many and their devices to catch the unwary were varied, but one fellow out did the rest, and did the crowd handsomely. His only apparatus was an unblinking check and a nimble tongue. His style was much like this—"Now who will give me a dollar? What? No one will give me a dollar? Ah, thank you, I have one. Now who will give me the next dollar?" and so it went on for a few minutes, the crowd which gathered being anxious to see what new scheme the fakir had up his sleeve. After he had had up his sleeve, the twenty-seven dollars into his pocket, saying, "Thank you, gentlemen; I will be here at nine o'clock in the morning." Perhaps he was.

A Constitutional Demand.

"It was pure contrariness, that's what it was, my husband's joining the football team."

"Why, I don't—"

"No, of course you don't; but I know he joined that team because he just had to have something to kick about!" —Baltimore News.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

Well! Did you ever hear of a more outlandish proposition in your life? The appointment of a delegate to congress by three or five men in a district that contains 50,000 intelligent American citizens! Senator Beveridge is certainly entitled to the cake—bakery and all—and a big bouquet thrown in! There is one thing that some members of both houses of congress should learn: Alaska is not an Indian territory to have an agent placed over it at the dictation of one or two persons. The people are mostly native-born whites and are well up regarding a republican form of government. Better, a thousand times, that this delegate bill be torn into fragments and scattered to the four winds than that it be foisted upon the people with the appointive clause.

After forty days of bickerings the Oregon legislature did a righteous thing on the last night of the session by electing to the United States Senate, Hon. C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop county. It was a hard fought battle, and only for the staying qualities of the friends of the statesman he would have been defeated. But the termination was a happy and just one. No man has done more to hold his party intact than Mr. Fulton, and no man is more competent than he to represent the state of Oregon and the great northwest. Hurrah for Senator Fulton!

Why the shooting of game birds should be restricted to between September 1 and December 15 and not have been extended to February 1, is hard to explain: None of the birds mate until about May 1. This law, however, like all other legislation for the District, is not for the benefit of Alaskans as it is for sportsmen from afar, who would hardly linger in the country so late in the season. Some of these fine days these tourist hunters will be called upon to pay the country a little hunting license as do those who frequent the wilds of Maine for the pleasures of the chase.—Skagway Alaskan.

The SENTINEL has thought all the time that its neighbor the Journal of Ketchikan, was joking on the territorial organization proposition; but it begins to believe that its neighbor is in dead earnest. Now then, the SENTINEL will inform the Journal that if it will move for organizing south eastern Alaska into a territory, will gladly join hands and stick to it tighter than a wood-tick. But "the whole cheese" don't go and we won't stand for it, as its population is, as we have said before, too migratory.

In the death of Capt. Wilson not only is Wrangell a sufferer but the whole of southeastern Alaska will feel and notice it, as for years he has been an active factor in nearly all of the canneries of southeastern Alaska, in supplying boxes for the packs of salmon. And not only that, but his generous hand has alleviated the wants of many a man that the public knows naught of. The public can truly say, a true benefactor is gone! Hail! and Farewell!!!

Gold is becoming mighty common. During the past six years this country has not only dug four hundred and five million dollars' worth of the glittering metal from its mines, but it has also imported from other countries two hundred and thirteen million dollars, a net gain in gold of \$218,000,000. These figures are undoubtedly very unwelcome reading to Mr. Bryan, but he is compelled to swallow the truth, although the act may provoke a choking sensation.

The duty of 10 cents a pound on tea was removed January 1st, and, according to our free trade friends, the price of tea should immediately drop 10 cents a pound. Will it? Or will it be like coal of this section to which Dunsmuir simply adds the 67c, duty removed to his own profits?

A man well informed said recently that by denying himself three ten-cent cigars daily for twenty years, he figured that he has saved \$2,190. He then asked another man for a chew of tobacco. This world of ours is full of just such consistency.

The seed graft ought to stop. Last year this distribution cost the government \$270,000, besides the expense of shipment, and in most cases the seeds were old, discarded things from seed houses, that nine times out of ten refuse to grow because of inferior quality. It is well enough to distribute Alaska seeds in Alaska, but general varieties from the outside had best be kept at home.

Boycott the trusts! That's the way to drive them out of business. Boycot the steel trust—be honest. Quit the soap trust—go dirty. Boycot the tobacco trust—chew the rag. Quit the sugar trust—don't get sweet on anybody, male or female. Boycot the match trust—don't get married. Quit the whiskey trust—drink buttermilk and catnip tea. Quit the oil trust—the next world will be hot enough to make up for any chilliness in this one.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a special meeting of Wrangell Chamber of Commerce last Thursday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

HALL OF WRANGELL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Wrangell, Alaska, Feb. 26, 1903.

WHEREAS, It is with deep regret and sorrow that this Chamber learns of the death of Capt. Thomas Willson, one of our most esteemed and trustworthy members;

WHEREAS, By his death the business interests of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, have sustained a loss that will be keenly felt; the community loses a highly respected citizen and neighbor; this Chamber of Commerce a careful adviser and pleasant co-worker, and the wife a faithful and devoted husband; therefore, be it

Resolved by this Chamber, That we deeply deplore this sudden death and taking-off of our neighbor and friend, but bow to the will of Him who "doeth all things well," in submitting to the loss which this Chamber and community have sustained.

Resolved, That our hall be draped in mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That this token of respect be spread upon our journal, that a copy be furnished the bereaved widow, and that it be published in the ALASKA SENTINEL.

School Report.

For School No. 2 for February: Days taught..... 20 Days attendance..... 8054 Days absence..... 694 Times tardy..... 17 Average daily attendance..... 40 Visitors..... 1

The following pupils having been neither absent nor tardy during the month, constitute the roll of honor. Frank Churchill, George McGee, Margaret Bronson, Frederick Bronson, William Snyder, Elton Barnes, Lulu Farrer, Katherine Bronson, Christina Lemieux, Roy Churchill, Brigham Grant, Leland Headlund, Bertha Lemieux. W. G. BEATTIE, Teacher.

NO. ONE.

Days taught..... 20 Days attendance..... 354 Days absence..... 117 Times tardy..... 8 Roll of honor list—neither absent nor tardy: Dena Tamarrae and Pattie Thomas.

MINNIE ROBERTSON, Teacher.

Shakan Sayings.

Feb. 22, 1903.

But little news from Shakan, as the mill and logging camp are shut down. A great deal of snow, and no water to run the mill.

Most of the natives have gone out logging.

At the native church last evening Judge Sutton married two white men to native women. No cards!

A special meeting of the Baldy Club was held last week for the purpose of incorporating, but owing to some violent remarks made by the president, nothing was accomplished.

We greatly miss the presence of genial Dr. Kyvig, whose wonderful baritone voice endeared him to the whole community.

Hope to give you more news in my next.

SEA-QUIZZ.

MORE LOCAL ITEMS.

The mill wharf is undergoing substantial repairs.

There is talk of instituting an Elks' Lodge, here. Plenty of good material.

George Card is in the painting business, the latest attack being on his residence.

The Wrangell contingent of the district court are off for Ketchikan to assume their duties.

Paul Bergfeld drew the plans for the proposed new school house at Wrangell. He is an artist.

It looks good to see Uncle John Finlayson out on the streets again, after his long confinement.

Attorney G. E. Rodman, came up from Ketchikan on the Farallon for a few days stay on business matters.

Fred and Marsus Wigg, Willis Hogland and Wm Tamarrae went out Monday for the purpose of logging.

While playing foot-ball Tuesday evening, George Kloquitz was so unfortunate as to severely sprain his right foot.

M. Herriek, of the Barnes Lake Bay cannery, arrived up Tuesday evening and will probably start on his return today.

Henry Barin is editor of the Illustrated West, 8, 107 Monroe St., Spokane, Wash. Mr. Barin used to reside at Wrangell.

Besides doing its own work this week the SENTINEL office has put in type one side of the Missionary Herald for Mr. Stark.

Mr. Bruno Greif has been quite ill for some days past, but is able to be out again. He talks of going to some springs for his health.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions have extended the case of Rev. H. P. Corser indefinitely and will send a man here to investigate matters.

Mr. Inman bought a portion of the Collins wharf and Tuesday tried to blow it down with dynamite. It didn't "blow," piles too solid.

Mrs. Patenaude has lately received the information that her parents who are very aged, were so unfortunate as to lose their home and household effects by fire.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the hospital at the hospital building next Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All friends are invited to be present.

The following telegram is self-explanatory: "Tracer located Peter, telegraphed him that to maintain my reputation for veracity, he must accompany me on the Seattle. WEBER."

Out of respect to the departed dead, Capt. T. A. Wilson, Alert Fire Company met last Thursday evening and postponed their ball for one week—to tomorrow night, March 6th.

F. W. Carlyon has got his new front doors in the old store building and Walter Campen has been touching things up with the paint brush so that they look pretty sleek.

John Peratovitch of Shakan sent over to J. F. Collins a big sack of clams, the other day and the editor got his share of them. They were regular fat, Prince of Wales kind, and were appreciated. Thanks!

The mail boat Tidings reached home last Saturday from her trip to Prince of Wales and way ports. Mr. Young reports a very pleasant trip. He brought some work back for the SENTINEL. Thanks!

K. J. Kyvig came over from Ideal cove, Sunday. Mr. K. informs a reporter that extending the close season for fishing will probably be the means of driving the saltery out of business, as they put up nothing but King salmon, and this makes it too late for them.

Messrs. Ernest and George Specht and John Rose came over from their Elephant Nose property the latter part of the week, having completed their assessment work. They have done considerable tunneling on their claim, and the further in they go the richer the indications. This is undoubtedly one of the very best properties in Alaska.

The Dolphin came in here early Monday morning with fifteen tons of freight, several passengers and a few papers in the mail. But where were the letters? Echo answers, "where?" To be plain about this matter, it seems darnation peculiar that a mail boat should come here direct from below and no letters for our business men. If they are not going to carry the mail as per contract, why don't they throw up the job and give it to somebody that will attend to it? We are glad to have the Dolphin come in here; but if she takes the place of a mail boat, why "business is business."

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,
Wrangell, Alaska.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG,
—Dealer In—
Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
Stationery and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patenaude's
Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.
ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF
SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.
FRONT STREET, WRANGELL, ALASKA.
L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

Grouse have been hooting for more than a week, and our hunters are pricking up their ears and cleaning their old fowling pieces.

Just keep cool, be quiet and don't get excited about the mill. It will start in due time, through proper agencies; and perhaps on a more satisfactory basis through the opinions of the few than the many.

Cleaning up house-yards and streets appears to be the order of the day in some portions of town. It should become general, not only for looks but in the interest of the health of the town.

H. Stuart Brindley, of Seattle, a mining promoter, well known in this section, came up last week and with John Sales, took a trip over to Prince of Wales and up Duncan canal, returning to Seattle on the City of Seattle.

The Cottage City arrived up from the south at 2 a. m. yesterday, unloaded a good batch of mail, 17 tons of freight, and left at 4 a. m. Capt. Sears says this will be the last trip of the "Old Reliable," the Spokane to take her run.

After an absence of about six weeks, M. R. Rosenthal reached home by the Cottage City yesterday morning, looking quite well for his vacation. A good billiard table had preceded him and is running full blast at the U. S.

Judge A. K. Delaney, an old time Alaskan, and a leading attorney of Juneau, has been in town since Sunday on business connected with the Wilson and Sylvester estates. The Judge is sound on one proposition: that while we should have territorial organization, it should embrace only southeastern Alaska—for instance south of Mt. St. Elias—so far as we are concerned.

The coal strike below has almost caused a coal famine in Wrangell, though J. G. Grant, the coal man, is doing his best to keep people comfortable. He expected a good supply up on the Farallon, but it did not come; he persuaded that ship to let him have a ton, however, on her return from the north. As the strike has been called off, a good supply is expected on the Dirigo, and the Seattle will bring several tons on her next trip.

SENTINEL takes it back; there was only 188 pounds of that Schilling's Best that passed along here going to Ketchikan last week instead of "190" pounds. It came back on the Farallon and brought with it a whole consignment of Armour's canned goods all in one lump. Malone and Roberts are traveling together again and we can say they are the "whole push in their particular lines."

Mr. A. T. Bennett, well and favorably known at Wrangell, having been employed in the mill for over six years, came up with the remains of Capt. Willson and stopped off here to attend the funeral and visit friends a few days. He has been in a cedar mill at Fairhaven, Wash, but being unable to work in the cedar wood and dust, will probably go to Juneau to accept a job proffered by Mr. Jorgensen. We are all glad to see Mr. Bennett.

Seven of the crew who are to help build the Lincoln Rock lighthouse came up on the Dolphin, and Tuesday the Antelope took them and their supplies, apparatus, etc., down to their camp, which is about two miles from the Rock, on Etolin Island. They expect the contractor Mr. Caskeek up in a short time, and possibly Mr. Worth, the government engineer. It is hoped they will be more successful with the work this year than last.

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

Lane & Connelly,
Manufacturers of...
Fine Cigars.
204 and 206 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SENATE
Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Always on Hand.
Vegetables, Poultry and Game
In Season.
W. C. WATERS, Pro

Edward Ludecke,
General Repairer of
Boots and Shoes.
All work left with me will be
Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.
Shop in Cagle building, next
door to Sinclair's store,
Wrangell, Alaska.

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

Robert Reid, and Robert Reid as Executor of the partnership estate of Rufus Sylvester, deceased, }
vs. }
Fred C. Sepp, Defendant. }
Summons

To the United States Marshal of the District of Alaska, or any Deputy:

IN the name of the United States of America, we command you to summon Fred C. Sepp to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace in Wrangell Precinct, in said District, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House in said District, to answer the complaint of Robert Reid, and Robert Reid as Administrator of the Partnership Estate of Reid and Sylvester, founded upon an account, and wherein he demands \$995.00.

Given under my hand this 19th day of Feb. A. D. 1903.

W. G. THOMAS,
U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio Justice of the Peace.

G. E. RODMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication Feb. 19, 1903.

Last publication April 2, 1903.

In the Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

J. F. Hamilton, Plaintiff }
vs. }
Fred C. Sepp, Defendant. }
Summons

To the United States Marshal of the District of Alaska, or any Deputy:

IN the name of the United States of America, we command you to summon Fred C. Sepp, to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace in Wrangell Precinct, in said District, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House in said District, to answer the complaint of J. F. Hamilton, founded upon an assigned account and wherein he demands \$160.00.

Given under my hand and seal this 19th day of Feb. A. D. 1903.

W. G. THOMAS,
U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio Justice of the Peace.

G. E. RODMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication Feb. 19, 1903.

Last publication April 2, 1903.

The Cottage City has probably made her last trip up here for some time, as the Spokane is to take her place.

T. J. CASE,
At his old stand in Wrangell
furnishes the
Freshest Groceries and Provisions and Supplies.
HEADQUARTERS FOR—
Camping and Logging Outfits.
I Will not be Undersold.
T. J. CASE.

Wrangell Meat Market.
C. M. Coulter, Proprietor.
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game,
Wholesale and Retail. Shipping Supplied at Lowest Rates.
JUST WEIGHT AND FAIR DEALING shall be my motto.

Rainier BEER
A trial and you will testify to its merits on every occasion.
Brewed in Seattle.
Sold Everywhere.

Brewery Sample Rooms,
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
Bruno Greif, Proprietor.
First Class House in all Particulars.

The Warwick,
(FORT WRANGELL HOTEL).
Wrangell, Alaska
Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Olympia Beer a Specialty.

U. S SALOON,
M. R. Rosenthal, Proprietor.
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
Choicest of Wines, Liquors, Cigars.
Ranier Beer a Specialty.

Bohemian Beer on Draught and sold by the Pitcher at 25 Cents

Cassiar Saloon.
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
Lloyd & Norton, Proprietors.
The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Domestic and Imported.
RANIER BEER A SPECIALTY
THE BOYS ARE INVITED TO CALL.

JOB PRINTING At the
Sentinel Office
Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Etc., a specialty.